

A Fawcett Publication

NOVEMBER

Monte Hale

WESTERN

10¢
NO. 30

Monte Hale
FANS THE HAIR-TRIGGER
of *BLAZING WESTERN ACTION!*



MONTE HALE WESTERN

A Fawcett Publication

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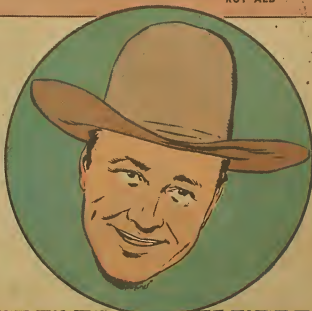
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GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

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PRESIDENT



IN THIS ISSUE

MONTE HALE

...IN...

MONTE MEETS THE UNDERTAKER

TOP HAT'S TROUBLE

BLACK BILL'S BONANZA

THE VALLEY OF DEATH

PLUS

HILARIOUS SHORT FEATURES

AND

A GRAY HAWK SHORT STORY

November, 1948. Vol. 5, No. 30

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MONTE HALE

IN MONTE
meets the
UNDERTAKER!

Into town he rode, mounted on a coal-black stallion. His business was killing men --and his name was **THE UNDERTAKER!** This was the toughest double assignment **MONTE HALE** had ever taken on ... to clean up Baker City and to gun-fight the deadliest, most feared, hired gunman of the West!



AS MONTE HALE RIDES THROUGH THE STREETS OF BAKER CITY...

NICE LITTLE TOWN -- SAY! WHAT'S GOING ON THERE!?

BAKER CITY BUGLE

C'MON, BOYS, LET'S TAKE THIS JOINT APART!

AND TH' EDITOR, TOO! LET ME HANDLE HIM, KROCK!

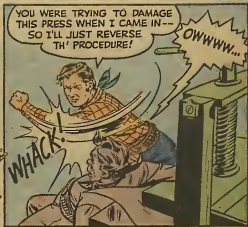
WHY, YUH -- NO GOOD, COWARDLY COYOTES!

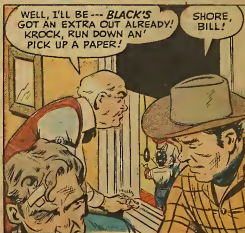
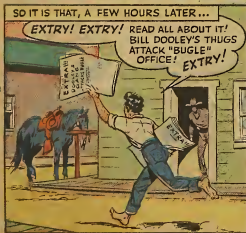
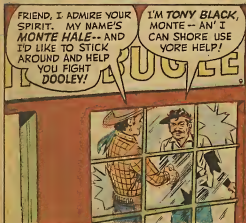
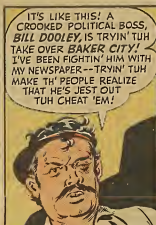
CRA-H!

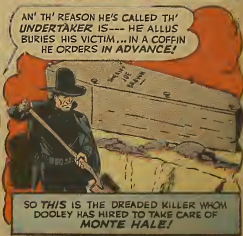
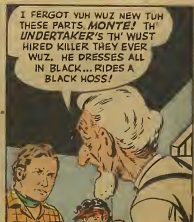
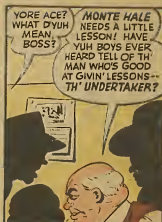
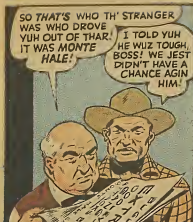
POW!

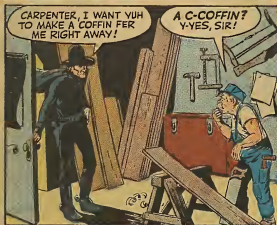
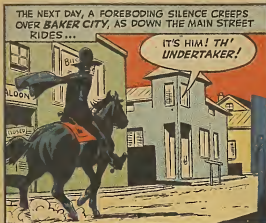
FIVE AGAINST ONE! RECKON I CAN EVEN UP THOSE ODDS A LITTLE -- BY LENDING A HAND TO TH' ONE!

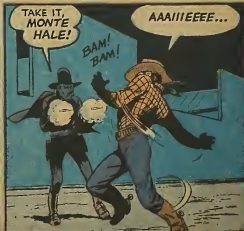
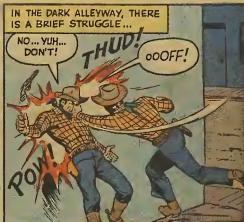
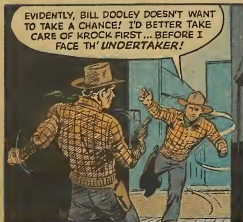
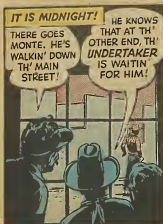
MONTE HALE SPRINGS INTO ACTION!

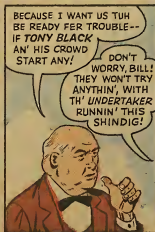
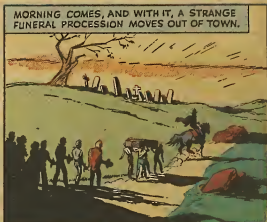
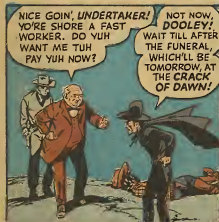
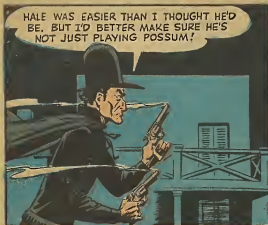


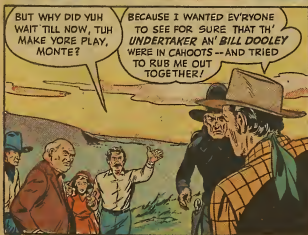
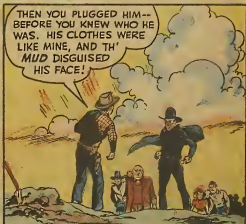
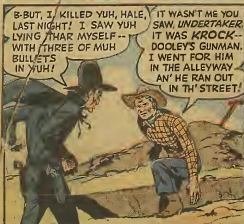
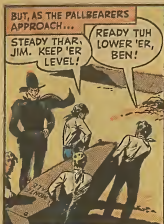








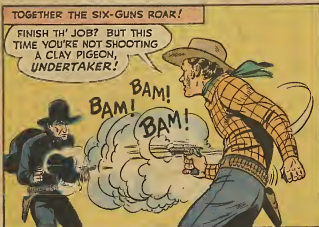




TOGETHER THE SIX-GUNS ROAR!

FINISH TH' JOB? BUT THIS TIME YOU'RE NOT SHOOTING A CLAY PIGEON, UNDERTAKER!

BAM!
BAM!
BAM!



YUH GOT-- ME--
AHHHH...



HALE GUNNED TH'
UNDERTAKER!
RUN FER IT,
BOYS!

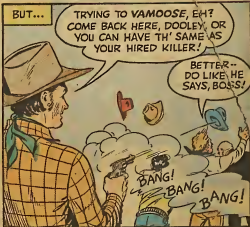
WE'RE
WITH YUH,
BOSS...



BUT...

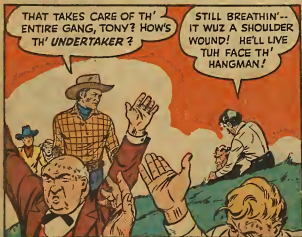
TRYING TO VAMOOSE, EH?
COME BACK HERE, DOOLEY, OR
YOU CAN HAVE TH' SAME AS
YOUR HIRED KILLER!

BETTER--
DO LIKE HE
SAYS, BOSS!



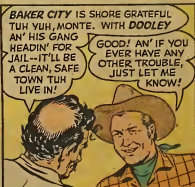
THAT TAKES CARE OF TH'
ENTIRE GANG, TONY? HOW'S
TH' UNDERTAKER?

STILL BREATHIN'--
IT WUZ A SHOULDER
WOUND! HE'LL LIVE
TUH FACE TH'
HANGMAN!



BAKER CITY IS SHORE GRATEFUL
TUH YUH, MONTE. WITH DOOLEY
AN' HIS GANG
HEADIN' FOR
JAIL--IT'LL BE
A CLEAN, SAFE
TOWN TUH
LIVE IN!

GOOD! AN' IF YOU
EVER HAVE ANY
OTHER TROUBLE,
JUST LET ME
KNOW!



RIISING OUT OF THE GRAVE TO OUTGUN
HIS ENEMY! A TYPICAL FINISH TO A
THRILLING MONTE HALE
WESTERN ADVENTURE!

VERN STEPHENS

CHAMPION SHORTSTOP
OF BOSTON
RED SOX

HE EATS
WHEATIES, CHUM

CALLER "JUNIOR" BY
TEAMMATES, STEPHENS
DOES A MAN-SIZED JOB IN
RED SOX INFIELD. HAS A TERRIFIC
THROWING ARM - OFTEN TURNS
"IMPOSSIBLE" PLAYS INTO
EASY OUTS.

C'MON
HOME, BOYS!

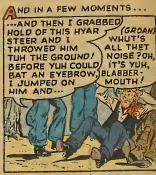
A DANGEROUS HITTER WITH
MEN ON BASE, VERN'S SPECIALTY
IS DRIVING IN RUNS. IN 1944 HIS
109 RBI'S TOPPED THE AMERICAN
LEAGUE. FOLLOWING YEAR "JUNIOR"
WAS LEAGUE HOME RUN CHAMPION
WITH 24 CIRCUIT CLOUTS.

WITH
WHEATIES
- TERRIFIC!

"MY IDEA OF A SWELL-
TASTING BREAKFAST DISH
IS A HEAPING BOWLFUL OF
WHEATIES - TOPPED WITH
MILK AND SLICED BANANAS!"
SAYS VERN STEPHENS.
"WHEATIES HAVE HEADED
UP MY LIST FOR A
LONG TIME."

WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.



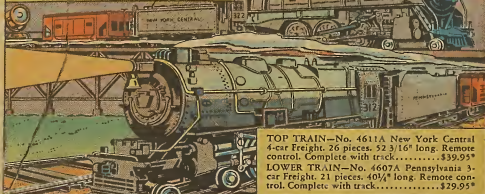
AMERICAN FLYER

Developed at the GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE

WATCH
'EM PUFF
SMOKE!

HEAR 'EM
CHOO-CHOO

Only American Flyer has real smoke and realistic "choo-choo" sounds synchronized with train speed. The faster your train goes, the heavier are the puffs of smoke . . . the louder and faster the "choo-choos."



TOP TRAIN—No. 4611A New York Central 4-car Freight. 26 pieces. 52 3/16" long. Remote control. Complete with track.....\$39.95*

LOWER TRAIN—No. 4607A Pennsylvania 3-car Freight. 21 pieces. 40 1/4" long. Remote control. Complete with track.....\$29.95*

NEW TALKING RAILROAD STATION



HISS-SSS

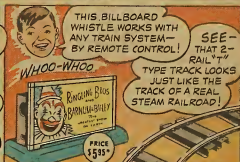
WHO-O-O
...WHO-O-O

NEW YORK-
PHILADELPHIA-
CHICAGO-AND
ALL POINTS
WEST!

ALL ABOARD

PRICE
\$14.95*

CHUG-CHUG



THIS BILLBOARD
WHISTLE WORKS WITH
ANY TRAIN SYSTEM—
BY REMOTE CONTROL!

SEE—
THAT 2-
RAIL "T"

TYPE TRACK LOOKS
JUST LIKE THE
TRACK OF A REAL
STEAM RAILROAD!

WHOO-WHOO

PRICE
\$5.95*

The new American Flyers bring you all the wonder and glory of railroading. They puff real smoke. They reproduce the "choo-choo" sounds of a real locomotive under full steam. Both smoke and "choo-choos" vary in intensity as you increase or decrease the speed of your train. Locomotives, tenders, cars and track are all built to uniform 3/16" scale, so that your train looks like real—hugs the track like real. And a two-loop track layout takes up space only 6 feet square. Cars have automatic couplers that couple anywhere. Uncouple by remote control. Die-cast locomotives have superpower worm drive for smooth, steady pull at all speeds from a crawl to 120 scale miles per hour. See and hear the sensational American Flyers at your nearest toy or department store.

*Denver and west, prices slightly higher



HURRY!
SEND FOR YOURS

COLLOSSAL TRAIN BOOK. 32 big pages with color illustrations of American Flyer trains, automatic log loader, coal loader and other sensational equipment. Mail coupon with 10¢, Gilbert Hall of Science, 18 Erector Square, New Haven, Conn. I enclose 10¢. Rush colossal train book.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(this offer good only in U. S. A.)

WHEN IN NEW YORK, VISIT THE GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE, FIFTH AVE. AND 25TH ST. ADMISSION FREE!

MONTE HALE

it
**TOP
HAT'S
TROUBLE!**

WHEN TOP HAT TAYLOR'S BIG TRAVELING SHOW ROLLED INTO TOWN, EVERYONE TURNED OUT — INCLUDING MONTE HALE! BUT WHEN MONTE FOUND OUT THAT THE TOWN WAS BEING TAKEN FOR A RIDE, HE DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO THROW A HOBBLE ON TOP HAT!



WHERE YUH GOIN', CLEM?

TUH TOP HAT TAYLOR'S TRAVELLIN' SHOW! I HEAR MONTE HALE IS GOIN' TUH COMPETE IN TH' RODEO!



THE CROWD SWARMS IN.

GEE WHILLIKERS! AN' LOOK AT THAT BIG APE! G-GOSH! HE'S SCARY!



AS THE RODEO COMPETITION STARTS

LOOK AT THAT BRONC GO! THAT RIDER AIN'T GONNA STAY ON LONG!

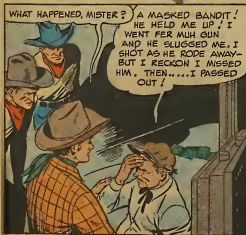
OH NO? HE JEST HAPPENS TUH BE--

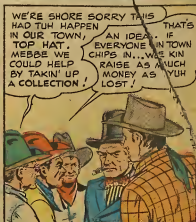
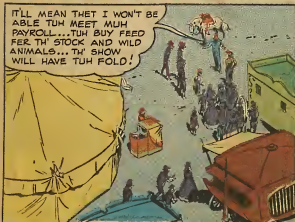
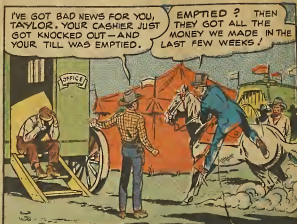


---NONE OTHER THAN MONTE HALE!

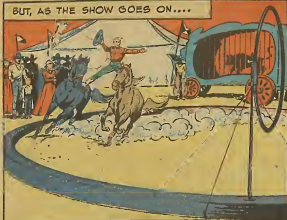
RIDE 'EM, MONTE!







BUT, AS THE SHOW GOES ON....



...MONTE HALE DOES SOME INVESTIGATING ON HIS OWN.

SURE SEEMS STRANGE THAT THEY WOULD HAVE LEFT THAT MUCH MONEY IN TH' SAFE - WITH ONLY ONE MAN TO GUARD IT. MAYBE I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT TH' HOOFPRINTS OF TH' HORSE TH' BANDIT ESCAPED ON!



HMMM! I'D SURE RECOGNIZE THAT SQUARE NAIL MARK IF I EVER SAW IT AGAIN!



RECKON I'LL RIDE DOWN AROUND TH' SALOONS IN TOWN, AN TAKE A SQUINT AT THEIR HITCHIN' RAILS. MIGHT JUST PICK UP SOMETHING!



BUT, AS NIGHT FALLS, MONTE CONCLUDES A FRUITLESS SEARCH.

NOT A SIGN OF THAT HOOFPRI! AN' IT'S TOO DARK TO SEARCH NOW. I'LL JUST HAVE TO RIDE OVER TO TOP HAT'S WAGON AN' TELL HIM TH' ROBBER GOT AWAY!



TH' LIGHT'S ON. I'LL HITCH PARDNER HERE AN' - WHAT TH'! LOOK AT THAT PRINT BY TH' RAIL!



IT BELONGS TO THIS PAINT HOSS - AND IT'S GOT A SQUARE NAIL ALL RIGHT! THIS IS TH' HOSS TH' FELLER USED WHO ROBBED TH' TILL. IT MUST HAVE BEEN ONE OF TOP HAT'S OWN MEN WHO HELD UP TH' CASHIER!



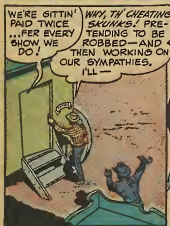


I'LL HAVE TO TELL TOP HAT ABOUT IT—WAIT! THERE HE IS INSIDE, NOW! HE'S TALKIN' TO TH' CASHIER!

MONTE OVERHEARS....

WHUT A DODGE, FARO! HERE WE ROB OURSELVES—AND THEN THESE SOFT-HEARTED YOKELS RAISE A COLLECTION TUH MAKE IT UP TUH US!

I SHORE GOT TUH HAND IT TUH YUH, TOP HAT.



WE'RE GITTIN' PAID TWICE...FER EVERY SHOW WE DO!

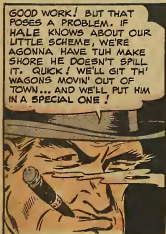
WHY, TH' CHEATING SKUNKS! PRE-TENDING TO BE ROBBED—AND THEN WORKING ON OUR SYMPATHIES. I'LL —

DO NOthin', MISTER!



WHAT'S GOIN' ON HYAR, LEACH?

IT'S MONTE HALE, BOSS! I CAUGHT HIM SNOOPING AROUND—LISTENIN' TUH YUH. SO I TAPPED HIM ONE.



GOOD WORK! BUT THAT POSES A PROBLEM. IF HALE KNOWS ABOUT OUR LITTLE SCHEME, WE'RE AGONNA HAVE TUH MAKE SHORE HE DOESN'T SPILL IT. QUICK! WE'LL GIT TH' WAGONS MOVIN' OUT OF TOWN... AND WE'LL PUT HIM IN A SPECIAL ONE!

SO, WHEN MONTE COMES TO...

OHhh I'M GROGGY. THEY MUST HAVE SLUGGED ME AND LEFT ME IN HERE—WITH A GIANT APE!



NO! HE'S ON TH' OTHER SIDE OF THOSE BARS! BUT TH' ONLY WAY TO GIT OUT IS THROUGH HIS HALF OF TH' CAGE....AN' HE LOOKS MIGHTY DISCOURAGING!



STILL, IF I COULD ONLY GET TO THAT OUTER DOOR, I'D GET OUT. IT'S WORTH TRYIN'....

GGRRRR!



WHAT IS MONTE'S PLAN?

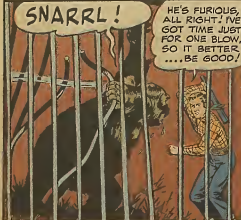
GRRRR!
ARRRR!

IF I CAN JUST GET HIM ANGRY ENOUGH.....HELL PULL THOSE BARS APART....



SNARRL!

HE'S FURIOUS, ALL RIGHT! I'VE GOT TIME JUST FOR ONE BLOW, SO IT BETTERBE GOOD!



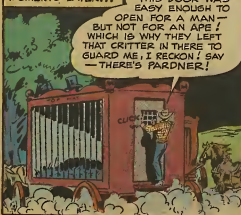
SORRY TO DO THIS, FELLA, BUT IT'S YOU OR ME!

K-K-KRUNNCH!



MOMENTS LATER...

THIS DOOR WAS EASY ENOUGH TO OPEN FOR A MAN— BUT NOT FOR AN APE! WHICH IS WHY THEY LEFT THAT CRITTER IN THERE TO GUARD ME, I RECKON! SAY — THERE'S PARDNER!



LET'S HIT THE TRAIL, PARDNER! WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO...AND NOT MUCH TIME TO DO IT IN!



NEXT MORNING, AS TOP HAT TAYLOR AWAKES...

HO HUM! DAYLIGHT! RECKON I'LL TAKE A LOOK, TUH SEE WHAR WE'VE GOT TUH....



CRAWLIN' COYOTES! A BAND OF RIDERS.... AN' THEY'RE HEADED THIS WAY.

BOSS! I TOOK A LOOK IN TH' ANIMAL WAGON.... AN' MONTE HALE GOT AWAY. HE'S ESCAPED!



BUT HE'S COME BACK, FARO! IN THE NEXT MOMENT...

WE'VE COME AFTER YOU, TOP HAT! I TOLD TH' BOYS HOW YOU ROBBED THEIR TOWN.... SO WE FORMED A POSSE!

IT'S A LIE! YUH CAIN'T PROVE ANYTHIN'!



OH NO? WE TELEGRAPHED BACK TO TH' OTHER TOWNS YOUR SHOW HAD BEEN TO -AN' THEY ALL TOLD TH' SAME STORY! YOU'RE JUST A BUNCH OF TWO-TIMING CROOKS!



WHY, I'LL—

LAY THAT GUN AWAY, TOP HAT! IT DOESN'T BECOME YOU....



OW!

....AS MUCH AS THIS DOES!



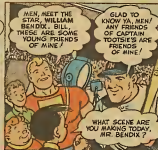
YOU SHORE FIGGERED THIS LITTLE SCHEME JEST RIGHT, MONTE!



TOP HAT WAS MIGHTY CLEVER. ONLY FARO AND A COUPLE OF TH' OTHER HANDS KNEW ABOUT TH' RACKET. AN' I DON'T THINK I COULD HAVE BROKEN IT UP, IF HE HADN'T PUT ME IN TH' CARE OF A DUMB APE!

Captain Tootsie

and **THE BABE RUTH STORY**
BY G.C. BUCK



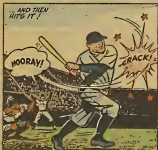
IT'S THE FOURTH INNING, ONE MAN IS ON BASE. THE FIRST STRIKE WAS ALREADY BELX CALLED. BABE RUTH HIMSELF CALLS THE SECOND!



THE STANDS GO WILD WITH EXCITEMENT! THE CHICAGO CUB PLAYERS RAIZE THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF THE BATTER!



THEN THE HOME RUN KING DOES A DARING THING! SILENTLY HE POINTS TO THE VERY SPOT WHERE HE WILL HIT THE NEXT PITCH...



IT'S ANOTHER HOMER FOR THE BABE! EXCITED AND HAPPY PLAYERS RUSH TO CONGRATULATE THE ONE AND ONLY SULTAN OF SWAT AS HE TROTS HOME!



THAT'S JUST ONE EXCITING SCENE FROM "THE BABE RUTH STORY". HOW'D YA LIKE IT, FELLAS?

WE'RE GOING TO TELL ALL OUR FRIENDS TO BE SURE TO SEE THE PICTURE, BILL! THEY WON'T WANT TO MISS IT! NOW LET'S ALL HAVE A ROUND OF TOOTSIE ROLLS!



TOOTSIE ROLLS HAVE BEEN MY FAVORITE EVER SINCE I WAS A KID! THEY'RE PACKED WITH THE WHIZZIN' QUICK ENERGY YOU NEED TO SCORE HOME RUNS... TO BE A STAR! SUPER-DELICIOUS, TOO! GET SOME TOOTSIE ROLLS, TOOTSIE POPS AND TOOTSIE COCONUT FUDGE TODAY!

TOOTSIE POP
CHOCOLATE & CHERRY CHOCOLATE TRI-FLAV

CHOCOLATE TOOTSIE ROLL CENTER

TOOTSIE FUDGE

JUCY COCONUT CENTER

WILLIAM BENDIX AS HE APPEARS IN "THE BABE RUTH STORY"
A Ray Del Ruth Production
Released Through Allied Artists

VOICE OF THE CAVE

A GRAY HAWK Story

By Richard Kraus

ON LONELY MAN Mountain, the flames of the Otapi council fire roared high. In the distance could be heard the shrill cries of the warriors of the Sachem tribe, gloating over their victories of the past, and promising new triumphs on the morrow. Chief Gray Eagle faced the elders of the Otapi tribe, his face grim. Crouching before the ceremonial fire, he began to speak.

"All around us," he said, "on the plains around Lonely Man Mountain, the enemy waits. The warriors of the Sachem tribe are many and strong. They have taken us by surprise and trapped us here on the mountain. Tomorrow they will attack again."

A stony-faced elder, Great Bear, suddenly rose.

"That we are trapped at all," he said angrily, "is the fault of a youth of the tribe! He brought ill-fortune on us by entering the sacred cave of the mountain—the cave where the voices of our fathers speak. It is his fault . . . and he should be punished."

"So!" Gray Eagle inclined his head. "Who is this youth who has entered the sacred cave and brought misfortune to his people? Let his name be spoken."

For a moment there was no reply. The wildly flickering flames cast wavering shadows over the assembled elders.

Then Great Bear spoke again. "O Chief," he said, "it was your own son, Gray Hawk, who committed this sacrilege. He was seen coming out of the cave. An hour later, the Sachem war party struck, and trapped us on the mountain. It was the will of the gods. We are being punished for what Gray Hawk has done."

The chief rose, his face drawn in lines of wrath.

"My son . . . has brought this evil . . . on his people!" He raised a clenched fist. "Have Gray Hawk brought to me . . . and let him speak before the elders!"

Gray Hawk, young son of the chief, did not believe in the superstitions of the old people of the tribe. He did not believe that certain animals were sacred, that it was necessary to paint oneself a certain way, or to repeat ancient incantations. That is why he had explored the torturous, winding cave

on Lonely Man Mountain. He wanted to see if he could find the source of the mysterious voices that spoke—the voices that were supposed to belong to the departed elders of the tribe.

When he had come out, Gray Hawk had been seen by Great Bear . . . and he knew it! When, a short time later, the Sachem warriors attacked suddenly, the chief's son knew he would be blamed.

"It isn't my fault," he muttered to himself, "but Great Bear will speak in the council meeting. And I will be blamed! I cannot deny that I entered the cave."

Stealing away from the council meeting, Gray Hawk had hurried quietly to the mouth of the sacred cave. Now he crouched before it in the darkness, clutching his tomahawk. What if the stories of the elders were true? What if he had committed sin and caused the defeat of his people by entering the cave?

Then he deserved punishment! And if not—

"Perhaps I should go into the cave again," the Indian youth spoke softly to himself. "If I have committed a crime—then the gods will punish me. If not, perhaps a way will be shown to me to help my people. Perhaps the voices will speak, and tell me how to defeat the Sachem, who wait around the mountain."

With sudden resolve, he crouched to enter the cave.

In his hand, he carried a glittering torch that he had brought with him. Now, as he moved slowly down the winding narrow passage, the pine brand illuminated two entrances before him. He looked at the one on the left.

"Down that one," he said, "I went yesterday . . . and found nothing. I will try the entrance on the right."

FIRST he held up the torch. Within a few seconds, it left a dark, resinous smudge against the cave wall. He was blazing a trail so that he could find his way back. Moving along slowly, at times traveling on his hands and knees, at times able to walk easily, Gray Hawk explored passageway after passageway . . . always marking a route for his safe return.

Suddenly, he paused, eyes and ears alert.

"What is that sound?" he half-cried. "Can it be voices—the voices of my fathers?"

Unmistakably, he was listening to a mumbly—at times clear and sharp, at times faint and confused. The Otapi youth started down a tiny crevice—the only passageway that he had not yet explored.

"Here is where the sounds come from!" he exclaimed.

SWIFTLY, holding the torch to his side, so close that the spattering resin stung his flesh hotly, he hurried down the winding burrow. Then, as he turned a sharp angle in the cave, he saw a small waterfall that bubbled out of a spring in the side of the wall and disappeared into the cave floor.

The water gurgled noisily — the sound rising and falling! It was the same sound, distorted by the twists and turns of the passageways, that he had heard from a distance.

For the first time a smile crossed Gray Eagle's face. "So *this* is the voice of the cave!" he exclaimed. "A little waterfall is the voice of the elders of the tribe." Then his brows drew together and he frowned. Just past the water, he saw a opening in the cave wall. Through it, faintly visible, was a glowing flame.

Gray Hawk hurried to the entrance.

Flattening himself against the wall, he looked out.

Strange! There, looming high in the night, was the bulk of Lonely Man Mountain where his people were trapped. And here, all about him, were the tepees of the Sachem warriors. Only twenty feet away was a fire around which slept several enemy warriors. And, on the other side of the fire, grazed the Sachem ponies. This was what the cave had led to!

"I'm in the midst of them," Gray Hawk thought wildly to himself. "I could attack them by surprise."

His sinewy fingers tightened on the butt of his tomahawk. Then he relaxed, and a faint smile crossed his lips.

"But there is a better idea," he whispered softly so only the walls of the cave could hear him. "By myself, I could do little! But if all the warriors of the Otapi were to come down through this cave, and, rising up out of the ground, attack the enemy? What then? Would not the Sachem flee to their own land—never to disturb us again?"

Swiftly, he turned, and hurried up through the cave!

THE BATTLE WAS a mighty one—greatest in all the epics of the Otapi. At first, under the sway of Great Bear, the

elders had refused to believe young Gray Hawk.

Then the chief himself had risen.

"If my son," he said "has brought disaster on his people, then let him redeem himself. He will lead us through the cave to the opening he has spoken of. If it is against the will of the gods, they will slay him. If not, he speaks the truth, and we cannot lose."

All the warriors of the Otapi had gathered their weapons—their many-arrowed quivers, their bows, their keen tomahawks. Following behind Gray Hawk, they had entered the cave. Unerringly he led them through the many wanderings to the opening in the midst of the camp of the enemy. Then, as he stood aside, Gray Eagle, his father, had put a firm hand on his shoulder.

"No, my son," he said. "You will lead us—into victory or defeat."

Shrieking wildly, the Otapi had poured forth, behind their young leader.

Arrows and tomahawks sped through the air; knives and sharp-pointed lances stabbed viciously. Bewildered and confused, the Sachem warriors attempted to fight back only for moments. Then, demoralized by the enemy that had appeared in great force in the very heart of their camp, they broke and began to flee.

The Otapi people were saved—and, after this stunning defeat, they knew that the Sachem would never again dare to attack them! Surrounded by his jubilant warriors, Gray Eagle called his son to him. Proudly, he put a powerful, bronzed arm around his son's shoulders.

"My boy," he said, "there are many things that go to make up a wise ruler, and a good chief of a tribe. What are these things?"

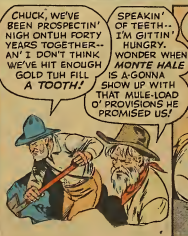
The warriors suddenly quieted, as they watched the boy's face.

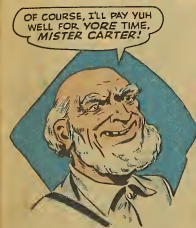
"There is strength," Gray Hawk said slowly, "and bravery in battle, and wisdom, and compassion."

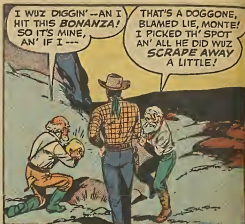
GRAY EAGLE nodded his head. "All these are true," he said. "True and necessary. But to my mind, there is another quality greater than all of these. It is the courage necessary to break with the past and with tradition—and to see with the eyes of the future. *This* you have, Gray Hawk—more than any of us. And so, you will some day be a great chief!"

THE END

Follow the exploits of GRAY EAGLE, Indian boy, in every issue of MONTE HALE WESTERN.

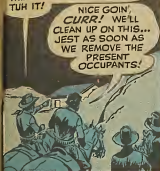






THEN AS NIGHT SHROUDS THE BLACK HILLS--

THAT IT IS, HI-JACK!
TH' SHACK'S UP THERE--AN'
THEIR CLAIM IS RIGHT NEXT
TUH IT!



NICE GOIN',
CURR! WE'LL
CLEAN UP ON THIS...
JEST AS SOON AS
WE REMOVE THE
PRESENT
OCCUPANTS!

BETTER BE CAREFUL,
THOUGH. ONE OF THEM
CRITTERS IN THAR IS
MONTE HALE!



HALE,
EH? WELL,
LET HIM
BE
CAREFUL!

JEST FER A STARTIN' MOVE,
I'LL STUFF THIS COAT INTUH
TH' STOVEPIPE CHIMNEY!



SOON, INSIDE THE SHACK.

COUGH! COUGH!
SMOKE!...IT'S FILLIN'
TH' ROOM



SOMETHING
MUST HAVE
STUFFED
TH' CHIMNEY,
BALDY!

I'LL TAKE A
LOOK, MONTE!

THERE'S ONE OF
THEM. WATCH
THIS!



MY SHOULDER!
THEY WINGED
ME FROM
OUTSIDE!



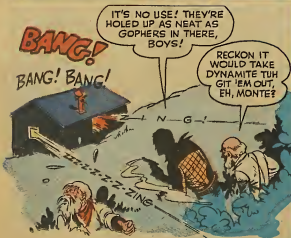
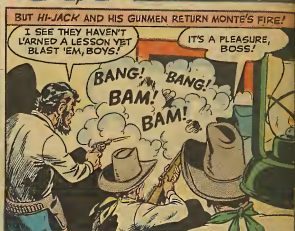
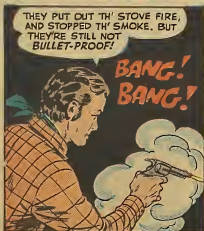
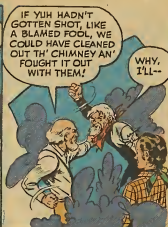
IT'S A TRAP! MUST BE
SOME GANG THET'S
AFTER TH' **BONANZA!**
LET'S FIGHT
IT OUT!

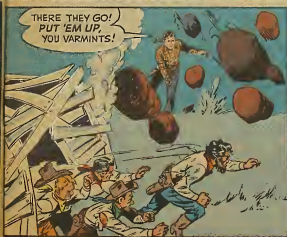
NO! WE'D SUFFOCATE
IN TH' SMOKE. LET'S
GET OUT--THROUGH
THIS BACK
WINDOW!

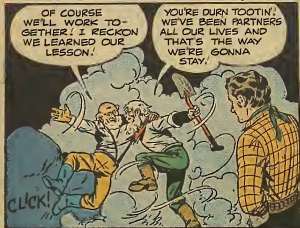
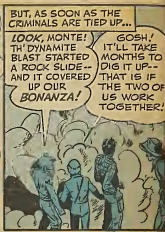


I KIN... WALK,
MONTE. JEST
...LEND ME A
HAND!

MONTE BEATS A STRATEGIC RETREAT!







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TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL IN
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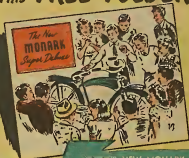


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BRONKO BETSY

MEMORY

LOOK, PAW, THAR'S AGONNA BE A RODEO TOMORROW! WILL YUH TAKE ME?

NO!

GALA RODEO TOMORROW

NO? GEE, WHY NOT, PAW?

BECAZ YUH WUZ A NAUGHTY GIRL LAST WEEK.

GOSH, PAW, YUH SHORE HAVE AN AWFUL BAD MEMORY.

HUH?

I HAVE A BAD MEMORY?

YUP...

...YUH REMEMBER EVERYTHIN' BAD I DO!

OLD SLICK

CLOSE MOUTHED

HYAR COMES OLD SLICK.

WATCH ME HAVE SOME FUN WITH HIM.

TSK, TSK, TSK!

HUH? WHUT'S THE MATTER, BLABBERMOUTH?

YUH OUGHT TUH BE ASHAMED OF VORESELF!

HMMM. BLABBERMOUTH IS A BIG TALKER! I RECKON HE'S TRYIN' TUH KID ME!

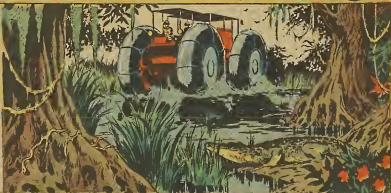
TSK, TSK. A BIG GROWN HOMBRE LIKE YUH BEIN' SO MEAN AND KETCHIN' THOSE PORE LITTLE FISH!

MEBBE YO'RE RIGHT...

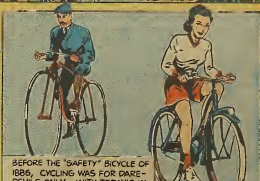
... BUT IF THESE HYAR FISH HAD KEPT THAR MOUTHS SHUT, THEY WOULDN'T BE HYAR!

GILLETTE BIKE TIRE FACTS

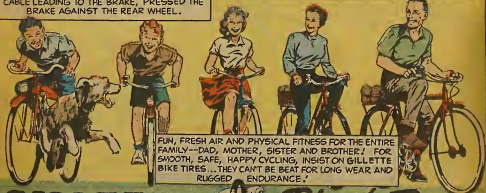
AMONG THE NEWEST--AND CERTAINLY THE STRANGEST--TIRES EVER MADE ARE THE GIANT BALLOONS ON THIS "SWAMP BUGGY". IN MAN'S SEARCH FOR OIL, THESE AMAZING TIRES MAKE IT POSSIBLE TO PENETRATE REGIONS NEVER BEFORE EXPLORED... THROUGH DENSE SWAMPS AND BOGGY LANDS. WIDE RUBBER RIBS MAKE EACH TIRE A PADDLE--WHEEL IN TRAVELLING THROUGH WATER.



THOUGH IT WOULD HARDLY DO IN MODERN TRAFFIC, THE "SPOON BRAKE" OF 1866 WAS GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S PRIDE AND JOY. A FEW FAST SPINS OF THE REVOLVING HANDLE-BAR TIGHTENED THE CABLE LEADING TO THE BRAKE, PRESSED THE BRAKE AGAINST THE REAR WHEEL.



BEFORE THE "SAFETY" BICYCLE OF 1886, CYCLING WAS FOR DARE-DEVILS ONLY. WITH TODAY'S IMPROVED STREAMLINERS--HIGHLY-REFINED VERSIONS OF THE FIRST "SAFETY"--BICYCLING HAS BECOME A FAVORITE PASTIME OF MILLIONS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.



FUN, FRESH AIR AND PHYSICAL FITNESS FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY--DAD, MOTHER, SISTER AND BROTHER! FOR SMOOTH, SAFE, HAPPY CYCLING, INSIST ON GILLETTE BIKE TIRES... THEY CAN'T BE BEAT FOR LONG WEAR AND RUGGED ENDURANCE!

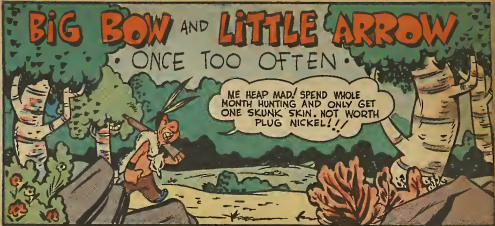
GILLETTE




Bicycle Tires

BIG BOW AND LITTLE ARROW


• ONCE TOO OFTEN •



ME HEAP MAD! SPEND WHOLE MONTH HUNTING AND ONLY GET ONE SKUNK SKIN. NOT WORTH PLUG NICKEL!!!



WHY THERE'S BIG BOW-- AND HE'S GOT A HANDFUL OF MONEY. ME SURE COULD USE SOME PALEFACE WAMPUM!!




SAY, BIG BOW, HOW MUCH MONEY YOU GOT?

FIVE DOLLARS.



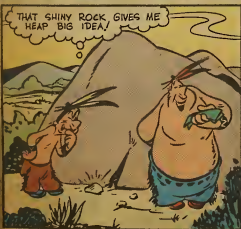
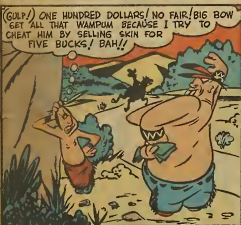
FIVE DOLLARS? YOU IN LUCK!

WHAT MEAN?



ME BROKE SO WILL SELL THIS WONDERFUL SKIN FOR ONLY FIVE DOLLARS. IT REAL BARGAIN.

BUT ME NO NEED SKIN, LITTLE ARROW!



ME RICHER. THIS NUGGET WORTH AT LEAST \$500 BUT ME TELL YOU WHAT GOING TO DO ---



---SINCE ME GOT NO TIME TO TAKE GOLD NUGGET TO TOWN TO SELL, ME GIVE IT TO YOU FOR \$100 CASH!



LITTLE ARROW SURE GOOD FRIEND!

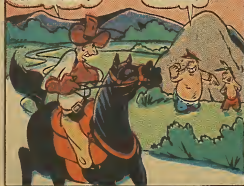
HERE'S MONEY, NOW GOLD BELONGS TO ME!



ME SURE FOOL HIM. LITTLE ARROW SMART LIKE FOX.

HEY, THAR! WHERE DID YUH GET THAT GOLD NUGGET?

ME BUY FROM LITTLE ARROW! HE FIND IT HERE!



YOU SURE WERE LUCKY FINDING IT. THAT THAR IS PURE GOLD!



I'LL GIVE YOU \$500 CASH FER IT, PARDNER.

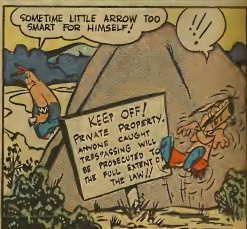
\$500! (GULP!)



ME MAKE DEAL!

THAT'S THE SECOND TIME BIG BOW MAKE HEAP BIG MONEY BECAUSE ME TRY TO TRICK HIM. ME TOO SMART LIKE FOX TO LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT. ME THINK OF WAY TO GET THAT \$500!





MONTE HALE

in Valley of Death!

For centuries, the warriors of the BUFFALO had cowered in terror before the statue of their tribal god... **KANITOU!**

Not until Monte Hale rode along, did any human dare to brave the wrath of this savage idol to find what lay behind its savage menace!

MONTE!
THE STATUE--
IT'S FALLING
ON YOU.
DUCK!

DEEP IN THE WESTERN BADLANDS, A MONSTROUS IDOL IS WORSHIPPED...

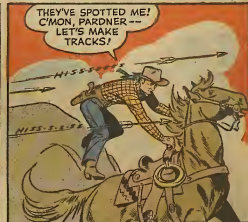
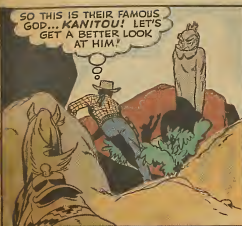
O, KANITOU,
WE PRAY YOU...
BRING US GOOD
HUNTING-- AND
VICTORY IN
WAR!

MEANWHILE, RIDING ALONG THE TRAIL IS... **MONTE HALE!**

WE'D BETTER WATCH OUR
STEP, **PARDNER**. THIS IS
TH' TERRITORY OF TH'
BUFFALO INJUNS--AN'
THEY DON'T LIKE
VISITORS!

**WHOA, BOY! DO YOU SEE
WHAT I SEE? BUFFALO
BRAVES--AND A HUGE
STONE STATUE!**

**WATCH IT, MONTE! YOU'RE
HEADING FOR A DOUBLE
DOSE OF TROUBLE!**



BUT THE LOYAL PARDNER SEES HIS MASTER'S PLIGHT!

NEIGGHHH!

GOOD OL' PARDNER! WAITING FOR ME, EH?

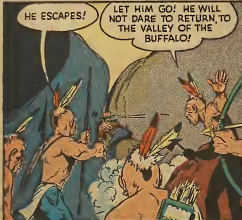


THIS TIME WE WON'T WORRY ABOUT TH' CINCH STRAP-- 'CAUSE WE'LL RIDE BAREBACK!



HE ESCAPES!

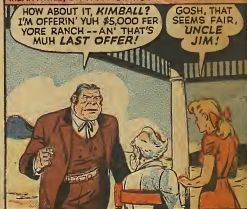
LET HIM GO! HE WILL NOT DARE TO RETURN TO THE VALLEY OF THE BUFFALO!



MEANWHILE, ON A RANCH NOT MANY MILES AWAY...

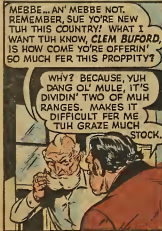
HOW ABOUT IT, KIMBALL? I'M OFFERIN' YUH \$5,000 FER YORE RANCH --AN' THAT'S MUH LAST OFFER!

GOSH, THAT SEEMS FAIR, UNCLE JIM!



MEBBE... AN' MEBBE NOT. REMEMBER, SUE YO'RE NEW TUH THIS COUNTRY! WHAT I WANT TUH KNOW, CLEM BUFORD, IS HOW COME YO'RE OFFERIN' SO MUCH FER THIS PROPPITY?

WHY? BECAUSE, YUH DANG OL' MULE, IT'S DIVIDIN' TWO OF MUH RANGES. MAKES IT DIFFICULT FER ME TUH GRAZE MUCH STOCK.



HOW ABOUT IT NOW-- WILL YUH TAKE \$5,000 CASH? I KIN GET IT FROM TH' BANK BY TONIGHT!



WELL-- I'LL DO IT!

GOOD! BE AT MUH PLACE AT EIGHT, TONIGHT, KIMBALL-- AN' I'LL HAVE TH' MONEY, AN' WITNESSES TUH TH' TRANSACTION!



\$5,000 SEEMS LIKE A FAIR PRICE FOR THE RANCH, UNCLE JIM!

IT IS... BUT SOMEHOW, I DON'T TRUST THAT SCALLY-WAG, **BUFORD!** EFFEN I DON'T GIT RIGHT HOME FROM HIS HOUSE, TONIGHT, YOU GO TUH TOWN, AND GIT HELP, **SUE!**



AS NIGHT FALLS ...

THERE'S BUFORD'S RANCH. AN' TH' LIGHTS ARE ON. RECKON HE'S AT HOME.



AH, THERE YUH ARE, **KIMBALL.** RECKON YUH KNOW JUDGE MARTIN AN' DOC SAYLES?

HOWDY, GENTS? YUH MUST BE HYAR AS WITNESSES TUH TH' TRANSACTION!



THAT'S RIGHT! NOW-- YUH JEST SIGN HYAR ... AN' I'VE GOT YORE MONEY FOR YUH!

GOOD ENOUGH! HERE'S MUH **JOHN HANCOCK!**



TH' RANCH IS YORE'S, **BUFORD!** BUT KIN SUE AN' I HAVE A COUPLE OF DAYS TUH CLEAR OUR STOCK AN' LUGGAGE OUT!

SHORE, JIM! TAKE YORE TIME, AN' HAVE A NICE RIDE HOME!



NICE RIDE?

HERE HE COMES. MUST BE **KIMBALL...**

...AN' HE'S GOT TH' MONEY!



FUNNY... I THOUGHT I HEERD SOMETHIN' OUT THAR IN TH' BRUSH. PROB'LY JEST IMAGINATION!

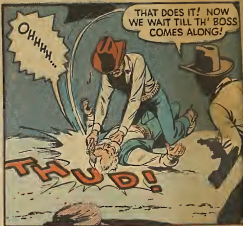


SUDDENLY!

WHAT TH'...
MY GUN!

TAKE
IT EASY,
POP!

SLUG 'IM,
ACE!



HERE HE COMES
...RIGHT ON
TIME!



GOT HIM, EH?
NICE GOIN',
BOYS!

OH...
MY
HEAD---

BUT HE'S A-STARTIN'
TUH COME TUH,
BOSS. WHAT'LL
WE DO WITH
HIM?



WHY--IT'S YOU...
CLEM BUFORD!
SO IT WUZ YORE
HOODLUMS THAT
WAYLAID ME!

SHUT UP,
KIMBALL. I'LL
JEST TAKE THIS
MONEY BACK.
AN' REMEMBER,
THERE ARE TWO
WITNESSES WHO
SAW ME GIVE IT
TUH YUH... SO
TH' LAND'S MINE
ALL RIGHT!



BUT TUH MAKE SHORE YUH
DON'T SQUEAL, I'M PUTTIN'
YUH OUT OF TH' WAY. I'VE
DONE SOME TRADIN' WITH
TH' **BUFFALO TRIBE**...
AN' I HAPPEN TUH KNOW
THAT YORE UGLY FACE LOOKS
JEST LIKE TH' STATUE OF
THEIR TRIBAL GOD!



YUH MEAN---?

THAT'S RIGHT,
OLD-TIMER! I'M
TURNIN' YUH OVER
TUH TH' **BUFFALO**
WARRIORS...FER THEM
TUH TAKE CARE OF!



AS DAWN BREAKS OVER THE PRAIRIE, PRETTY SUE KIMBALL IS WORRIED.

UNCLE JIM WARNED ME -- IF HE DIDN'T COME BACK ON TIME, I WAS TO GO TO TOWN, AND GET HELP.



I CAME RIGHT TO YOU, JUDGE MARTIN, TO SEE IF YOU COULD HELP ME.

I'M AFRAID NOT, SUE. DOC SAYLES AND I SAW CLEM BUFORD PAY YOUR UNCLE THE MONEY FOR THE RANCH. BUT THEN HE RODE OFF... AND THAT WAS THE LAST WE SAW OF HIM!



THEN I'LL HAVE TO LOOK FOR HIM MYSELF!

BUT, SUE, YOU'RE A GIRL... AND NEW TO THIS COUNTRY, AT THAT! WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE -- GOT AN IDEA!



AN IDEA? WHAT IS IT, JUDGE?

SEE THET COWPUNCHER WHO JEST RODE INTUH TOWN? THET'S THE FAMOUS MONTE HALE HE KNOWS THE BADLANDS LIKE AN EAGLE. IF HE'D HELP YUH SEARCH....



JUDGE MARTIN EXPLAINS THE SITUATION TO MONTE.

I-- I'M HELPLESS, MONTE. I-- I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO LOOK.

I SEE, MA'AM. WELL, IF WE CAN, PARDNER AN' I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP YOU!



BUT TELL ME, DON'T YOU HAVE ANY CLUES TO GO BY? AND ANOTHER THING--HOW WOULD I RECOGNIZE YOUR UNCLE, IF I SAW HIM?

WELL, HERE'S A PICTURE TAKEN OF HIM LAST YEAR.



IT'S A GOOD RESEMBLANCE.

HMMM... I SEEM TO HAVE SEEN THIS BEFORE! AN' NOT SO LONG AGO!



WHY... NOW I REMEMBER!
HE LOOKS JUST LIKE
THE STATUE THE
BUFFALO INJUNS
HAVE OF THEIR
TRIBAL GDD,
KANITOU.

I HEARD THAT
CLEM BUFORD
USED TO HAVE
DEALINGS WITH
THE **BUFFALO**
TRIBE. DO YOU
THINK--

SNAP!

I'M NOT SURE, SUE, BUT IT'S
A HUNCH THAT'S WORTH
FOLLOWING. LET'S HEAD FOR
TH' VALLEY OF TH' **BUFFALO**!
THAT MAY BE WHERE WE'LL
FIND TH' ANSWER TO YOUR
UNCLE'S DISAPPEARANCE.

THE COWBOY AND THE GIRL
HARD FOR SEVERAL HOURS. TH

THERE'S THE SPOT, SUE.
WE'D BETTER DISMOUNT
AND SNEAK UP
QUIETLY!

LOOK! THERE'S
TH' STATUE!

AND, LOOK! THAT'S
CLEM BUFORD TALKING
TO THE INDIANS. MAYBE
YOUR HUNCH WAS
RIGHT.

BUT WHERE'S
UNCLE
JIM?

THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING
TO TRY TO FIND OUT, SUE.
STAY BACK WITH TH'
HORSES. I'LL JUST
CRAWL UP...

BUT HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF, AS THE KEEN
EYE OF A **BUFFALO BRAVE** SPOTS **MONTE**!

LOOK! WHITE STRANGER
BEHIND STATUE -- SAME
AS BEFORE!

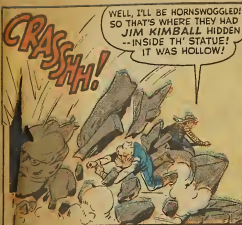
KILL HIM!
HE MUST
NOT ESCAPE
AGAIN!

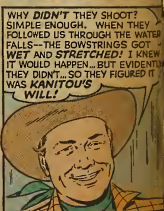
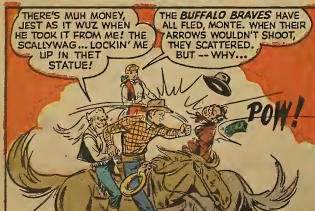
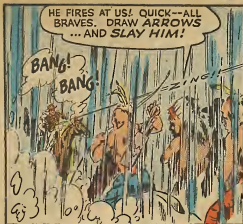
MONTE MAKES A DESPERATE
LUNGE FOR FREEDOM.

GOT--TO--
GET AWAY!

THUD!

KANITOU!
THE IDOL--
IT FALLS!





RACK UP ANOTHER EXCITING TRIUMPH FOR **MONTE HALE!**



DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE OF THIS FAMOUS WESTERN STAR'S VERY OWN COMIC MAGAZINE!

THE CROWD GIVES "TOUCHDOWN PETE" A HAND—HE CAN'T BE STOPPED—HE WEARS BALL-BAND.



Look for the Red Ball trade mark in the store and on the sole of the shoe

TRADE
MARK

Pat. U. S. Pat.
Oct. 1901

Ball-Band

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. CO.

Mishawaka, Ind.

Do you want greater speed, more thrill and fun in the games you play? Ball-Band ARCH-GARD® shoes will help you, for the molded sponge rubber ARCH-GARD fits the foot, and gives it firm but gentle support. Go to the store that shows the Red Ball trade-mark ... try on a pair of Ball-Band Arch-Gards . . . they're wonderful.

ARCH-GARD® GUARDS YOUR FEET AT 3 VITAL POINTS



Arch-Gard gives the heel cushioned support.

Arch-Gard cushions the longitudinal arch.

Arch-Gard cushions the metatarsal arch.



*Look for the name Arch-Gard on the insole.

BOYS! GIRLS! MAKE 335 ANIMAL COMBINATIONS



Kellogg's
JUMBLY JUNGLE BOOK

OVER 335 ANIMAL COMBINATIONS!



ONLY 10¢ and a Corn-Soya Box Top!

KELLOGG CO., Dept. 160-V, Battle Creek, Mich.

YES! I want _____ JUMBLY JUNGLE BOOK(S). I enclose 10c and one Corn-Soya box top (end marked "TOP") for each one ordered.

Name _____

Address _____

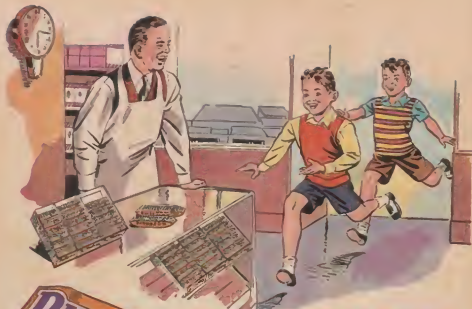
City _____

State _____

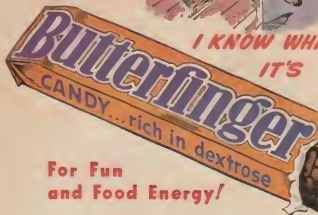
This offer is limited to residents of the United States only.

• LOOK! LOOK! It's a toy—it's a book! You can change the animals' costumes, switch their faces and their bodies. Get a box of Kellogg's Corn-Soya at your grocer's—and send for the JUMBLY JUNGLE Book—today.





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IT'S**



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FANS THE HAIR-TRIGGER
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